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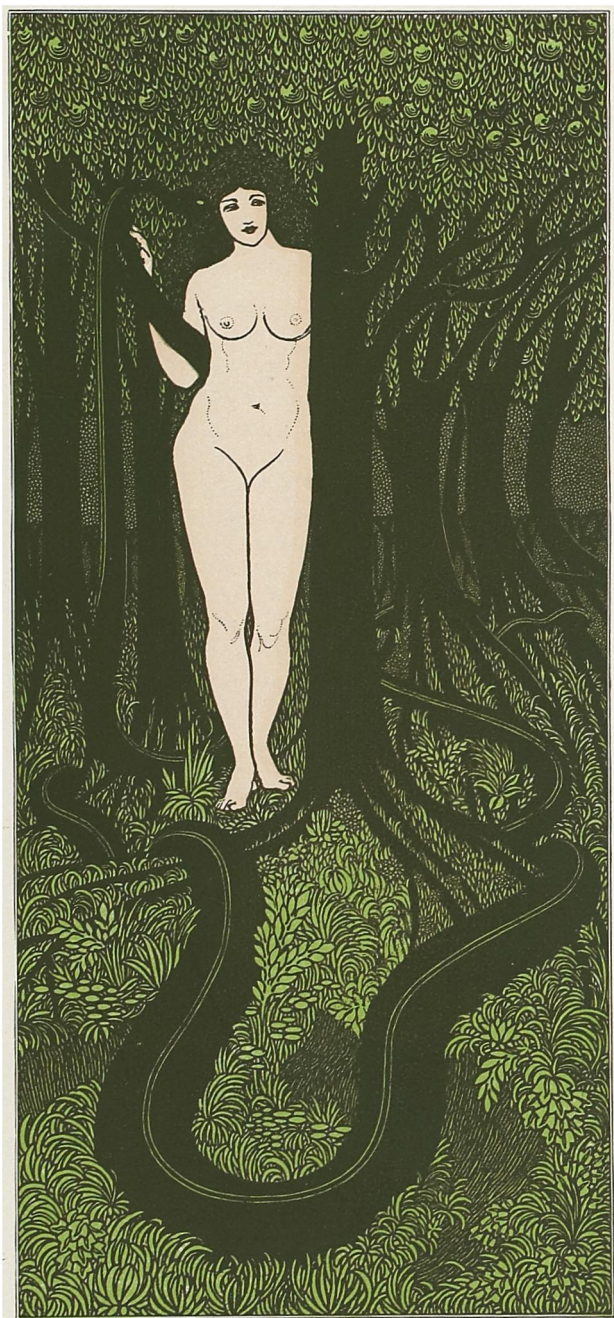
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Eve and the Serpent,
By Will Bradley.
Illustration to "Vengeance of the Female."

BRADLEY, HIS BOOK

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LIFE AND DEATH.

Two spirits in a mist of stars
Spake face to face awhile.
The young light laid its golden bars
Before them mile on mile.
Said one : I hear the voice of praise.
The other : Lo, I hear
The fall of tears through leafy ways.
And both said : Earth is near.
And all her souls are mine, said one.
And mine her souls shall be,
The other said. God's will be done,
Said both ; His thoughts are we.
Her breath weighs down my shining wings,
Said one, I know not why.
So close, so close their shadow clings
She cannot see the sky.
And all her souls in dusk abide
And search their little place ;
Nor feel the light my soft plumes hide,
Nor bow before God's face.
Now furl thy wings, the other said,
And yield her souls to me.
Though thee they love, and me they dread,
I come to set them free.
For God in me hath newly wrought
The rapture of His will.
I know the silence of His thought ;
I bid his worlds be still.

HARRIET MONROE.

VENGEANCE OF THE FEMALE.



WELL, there was an old room, and an old mechanic, with a mechanic's wonder-working hands and a thoughtful face.
It was a shop for mechanical toys, and the largest toy of all represented the solar system. On a very grand scale indeed was this toy. It was much larger than you can possibly imagine, and it was complete in every particular. Even figures representing the creatures living on some of the planets were there.

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VENGEANCE OF THE FEMALE.

The good maker of mechanical toys had just finished the population of a moon.

"This is all right," said he, but without enthusiasm.

Then, after a short pause (which to the inhabitants of the moon would have seemed a matter of a thousand years or so) he continued: "These toy beings are perfect." There was another pause in which another thousand years elapsed. The maker of mechanical toys yawned. "These toys are too perfect for my taste," he said. "They don't change. From the beginning they have always the same perfection: that is tiresome!"

He nodded; slept; ages passed. He awoke, and still was bored. Meanwhile the toys in that moon had crumbled into dust.

"Now," said the mechanic, "suppose I make some toys that are imperfect, and give them the impulse to perfect themselves; and then watch them while among themselves they work it out."

He leaned his great mild-featured face upon his hands; then closed his eyes and covered them with his fingers, to shut out the sight of multitudes of toys that he had made on a different plan—toys that were all perfect and tiresome. The mechanic thought. Darkness was upon the face of the deep and the little Earth was without form.

The mechanic's thought moved upon the face of the waters of the Earth, so that life began; and the continents appeared and the Earth for a moment (to the creatures upon the Earth it seemed thousands of years) was the busiest spot in all the workshop. For he made a great number of toys and a great variety; and, because they were constantly changing, he became more and more interested in his work among them.

"I might make a collection of the best of these to keep for my own pleasure always," he said, when putting the finishing touches on the pouch of a kangaroo toy and beginning to model the skull of an ape toy; but presently he found himself studying a few mechanical toys which were so cleverly contrived that they seemed at first sight to be quite distinct from all the rest, although they were really no more than a slight improvement upon many others that he had made. For example, they stood on their hind legs, yet could walk, run, and leap with ease. The fore legs were thus free to be put to other uses, and were made so that they could deal a blow or throw a stone with force and accuracy. More than all the other toys they had caught the spirit of the mechanic's plan. They moved easily and quickly in obedience to his thought—so easily, indeed, that sometimes they seemed to have anticipated it. "They are almost independent," their maker said; "just a little more thought, and they can go on by themselves."

Folding his hands, he watched them; and two of the re-



"They were both shaggy toys."

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markable toys enacted a little tragedy so naturally that it seemed to be of their free will.

A male toy of the highest class approached a female of the same pattern. They were both shaggy toys, almost covered with hair—their shoulders slouching forward and their sinewy arms hanging away from the body, as though they were on the point of dropping on all-fours. A fierce struggle followed. The male and female were evenly matched, for, while the female was perhaps a bit heavier, the male excelled in masterful purpose. With one accord they clinched and wrestled, straining until their very bones seemed to bend; presently, falling sidewise together, they rolled over and over upon the ground, tearing each other with teeth and nails; yelling, snarling—at last but gasping: and the male triumphed.

The female submitted to the male while he was with her, but smote her breast and tore her tough flesh when alone; and the mechanic saw far into the future when he perceived in her savage, narrow, and heavy-lidded eyes a gleam that seemed like the promise of immortal hatred. Yet she continued to live in subjection, serving the male in all ways for his comfort and pleasure; in terror when he was near, with detestation when he was absent.

“This will be the beginning of a fine plot,” the mechanic said, “in the story of this toy race: Just the working out of this conquest by the male, and all the different ways in which the female will be avenged. There will be nothing else of real importance. All the other happenings will be, in one way or another, comparatively slight consequences of this struggle. Well, the Earth-toys are a promising lot, so I shall keep on working at them for a while.”

And this decision was justified by a near event; for as the mechanic watched he saw a change taking place in the female. Monotonous fear and hate occasionally made way for a new expression. The female at intervals became pensive, conscious of a new life within her. At such times her cruel eyes became almost tender, and, if her master was near, her submission to him seemed to be almost willing.

Fitful showing of another nature, and of short duration. Soon a smaller and finer image of herself was laid upon her breast; but she pushed it aside, and, glaring into the face of the male who was leaning over her, struck him with such force that he staggered backward. Then her mechanism was broken and she did not stir again. She was thrown aside, and her material entered into the composition of other toys. She was more than replaced by the little new toy—a female also, but somewhat smoother than the broken one. The mechanic, however, saw in this successor the same threat of undying hate.

As time went on, mechanical toys of this particular pattern received more and more attention from the mechanic, and

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were greatly improved, both in appearance and in the complexity of their mechanism. It was no longer true of them that they merely responded to their maker's thought ; no, they actually thought for themselves, more or less, and their superiority to all the other toys became so marked that the mechanic decided to make the experiment of putting them in charge, and letting them carry out his plans with respect to inferior toys. He accordingly enclosed a part of the Earth and arranged it like a beautiful garden ; and, to make the experiment on a safely small scale, he chose only one male specimen—the most advanced of all—and one pair each of various inferior toys, taking care that the latter should be the most docile of their kind. These he placed in the garden under the leadership of the superior male—whom he called “toy man,” the inferiors being called “toy animals.”

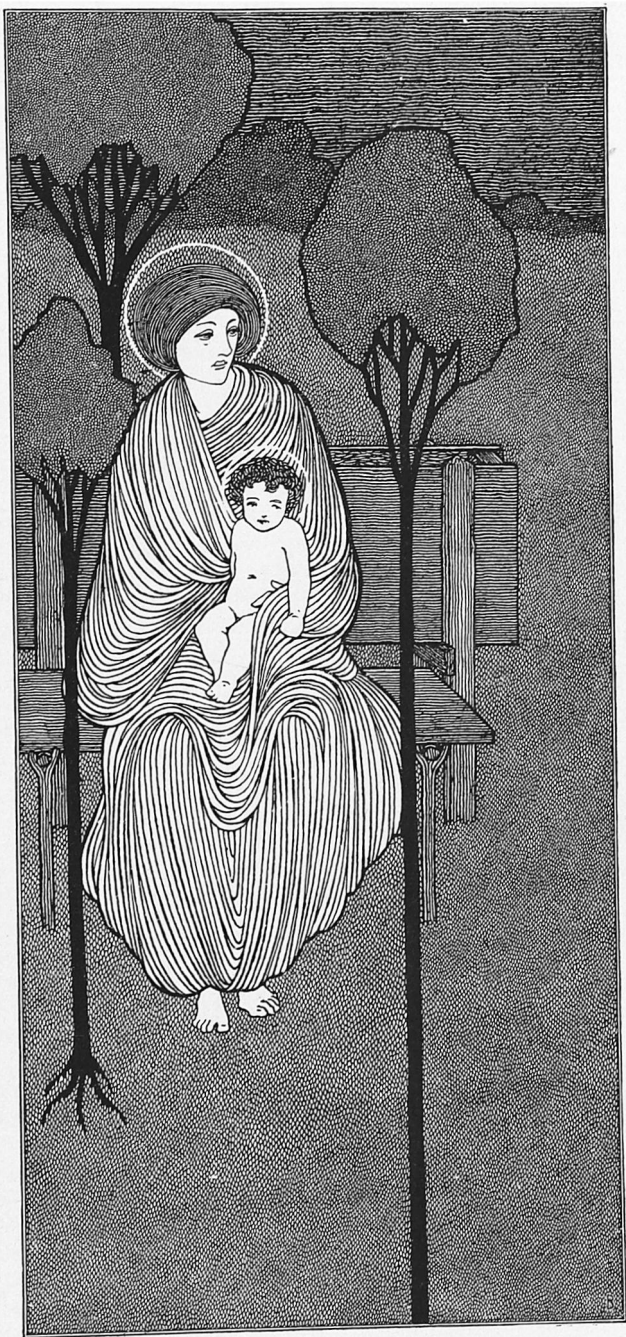
The man proved himself to be easily the first in the garden ; but he had scarcely begun to feel at home there before he demanded a female of his own class. The mechanic complied, indeed, but tried to avert the danger he foresaw by making a female of the very latest pattern, the man's equal in most respects. Moreover he took part of the man-toy's mechanism to use in constructing the female, so that the old hatred might be less strong—so that the female might be like unto the male in nature.

This female, when she was completed and placed in the garden, he called “Woman ;” and truly it did seem at first that love of the man had been engrafted upon her ; but at length this apparent love was shown to be only hatred in a more subtle and dangerous form.

So sweet were this woman's words that it seemed she caressed them as they formed themselves in her mind, and then kissed them as they fluttered out between her red lips. She was somewhat lower than the man, and somewhat, though not conspicuously, his inferior in physical strength. Compared with the original female of her species, the differences were chiefly in the smoothness of her skin, which had lost the covering of hair, in erectness of carriage, in the roundness of her limbs and the grace of her movements.

Now, this garden was an interesting place for the man, because he had his duties and the flattering sense of power, but to the woman it was dull. She was only a sort of inferior animal in her man's eyes ; she knew herself to be attractive, yet was limited to a single admirer, who soon took her presence as a mere matter of course ; she had her little troubles, but no one of her own sex to sympathize with her ; nor was there a smirking auditor for her flood of small talk, which stagnated, and so oppressed her, pent up within her breast. In one word, she longed for society—smooth-skinned society at any cost.

But society was to be found only outside the garden ;



"Mary."

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therefore escape from the garden, at any cost, was her aim. If she could only discredit the man in the mechanic's opinion, expulsion for him and escape for her !

She did not know the delights of society from experience, but by dint of questioning she had drawn from the man all that he knew in regard to the outside world. Such fragments of information had been joined together by her imagination, and the mosaic thus formed her ardent desire had colored with the brightest hues. She firmly believed it a true representation of the world. As for the man, he had partly forgotten the toil and bitter strife from which he had been rescued ; and in the security of the garden his thoughts, when they went back to that former life, busied themselves chiefly with its rare but excessive pleasures. So when they walked together in the garden, towards evening, she would lean upon his shoulder and pour into his ear sweet poison : such glowing descriptions, such tantalizing vistas of enjoyment, such maddening assurance of infinitely varied delights !

One evening she had taken his senses captive, and like an eager child he begged her to go on, whenever she paused in her dear story. And then the knowledge of good and evil—of the world beyond the garden—seemed to both of them as a luscious fruit to one dying of hunger and thirst.

In the morning the man said : “ Well, then, let it be as you wish, and not as he willed who made this garden ; let us taste both good and evil. And tell me how it is that you know more than I, although you have seen less.”

The woman laughed. Near by a serpent lay warming itself in the sunlight. “ One of those things coiled about my neck and whispered in my ear,” she said mockingly.

Then the mechanic took them both up between his thumb and forefinger, and set them outside the garden ; and he passed his hand over the garden to destroy it, for the experiment was a failure. The woman had not been made like unto the man in nature—not enough like her old enemy to forget that he *was* her old enemy. And so that antagonism had wrought their downfall.

Now thousands of years (as men and women, laboring and heavy-laden, reckoned time) passed away before the mechanic would again put his hand to the work of further improvement in the very complicated structure of these mechanical toys. It did not seem a long time to him. Meanwhile the race of men and women went of their own accord “ to the devil,” as the saying is. They did literally imagine a devil—multitudes of devils—and made these devils chargeable with their misfortunes. And women had become much more unlike men, having gradually adapted themselves to a sheltered existence, to men's demand for pleasures and diversions, and to the servitude of home and family. The women especially believed in devils, and sought to protect themselves from the

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harm of devils by propitiating them. So devil-worship was the beginning of their religion.

Their devils were more and more exalted, until people came to make a distinction, calling the more excellent devils by a new name—gods. Finally some of these gods were believed to be no longer evil but actually good; and these good gods were implored to take in hand mechanical toys and toy-society generally, and to put their disordered mechanism to rights. Those who offered such petitions unwittingly appealed to the good mechanic, who thereupon gave his attention to them once more.

“The trouble all grows out of the old male-female feud,” said the mechanic to himself; “and the only way to help them is to get rid of the difference in their natures, so far as possible. Well, I have tried making the women like the men; now suppose I make the men more like the women.” Then he decided to impart still more of his thought to the toys and to work among them. But instead of teaching and working in person, he chose to work through a few individuals whom he prompted and advised.

One of the individuals thus distinguished was a woman named Mary. He filled her with his own spirit and with the especial purpose he had in mind, so that kind acts, sweet words and gentle thoughts made up her whole life. And when she bore a son, that child was quite unlike other children, for he had the serenity and sweetness of his mother, and a great purpose, also received from her, lifting his life above small cares, ambitions and contentions. So the people who saw him said that he must be a child of their God, and their vulgarity pictured a miracle in gross coloring.

He had Mary's nature, with scarce a trace of his father; and so the opportunity came for the woman's plan.

Mary's plan was merely an expression of her intense womanliness—of her mild, conciliatory and yielding character. Made for love, she was all for love in others, and would have had all people gentle and amiable as herself. Hatred she knew in only one form: a timorous and shrinking hatred of brute force, of reckless passion, of merciless justice. That is to say she hated those things which were especially characteristic of the male, and which the male had impressed upon the laws and customs of that day. Her plan, therefore, was to form her son's character on a pattern which seemed nobler than the fashion.

So she strove in love during the child's infancy. Those feelings, thoughts, and traits which she loved, were cherished in him and grew to fill his whole being; and when his ambition awoke it was an ambition to spread over the whole earth the teachings of his mother, and, in the highest sense of the word, to feminize all men, even as he had been feminized.



"Vengeance of the Female."

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No more womanly woman than Mary was subsequently made by the mechanic. He continued to work through the individuals whom he prompted, but changed the woman-pattern scarcely at all, except that gradually and quite naturally he gave the female a dash of that robustness which he was taking away from the male. As for the male, he, little by little, was fairly reconstructed—to such an extent that finally he himself looked with detestation upon many of the attributes which had been regarded as manly, and even as the crowning distinction of his sex.

How far this transformation has advanced may be seen from the very latest happening in toy society.

There was a certain man, known among his fellows as a fairly representative toy. Among women he was spoken of as “eligible.” He was strong, rich, clever, and of good habits.

And there was a certain woman, of marriageable age. She was also strong, clever, and (of course) virtuous.

The woman looked upon the man and decided that she would like to have him for her pleasure and her service. She attracted him with charming skill, she overcame him, she compelled him to promise, in effect, that he would support her, his wife, in luxury and idleness. Many other toy people stood by to see to it that the man kept his promise and to threaten him with punishment more or less severe if he failed in any slight particular to carry out this agreement.

The man showed himself no match for the woman in the principal concerns of toy society, because such matters had always been the peculiar province of woman, whereas man was comparatively but a beginner. Still all went quite well in this marriage so long as the man’s wealth lasted. The man had learned the womanly virtues of submission, patience, conciliation and modesty. He was what toy people now call a “manly man,” though to the original toy-men he would have seemed contemptibly smooth and dainty—neither more nor less than womanish. But when the woman had spent his money, then she lashed him to his work: with her tongue she lashed him; with her exactions; with the approval of toy-society she lashed him and drove him to his work.

The mechanic perceived that woman now had her revenge. Finally man had become her slave more completely than, in the beginning, she had been his—more completely because, when the savage woman had been the savage man’s slave, other savages had tried to take him away. The hatred between man and woman, the instinctive hatred often clothed as love, was changing from tragedy, with its single dense shadow, into comedy, with much diverting play of light and shade.

But then the man’s strength began to fail. His work was not up to the mark, in spite of frantic efforts on his part and in spite of all the woman’s goading.

THE BOOK SPEAKS.

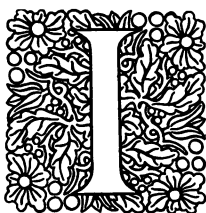
He began to be often unsuccessful. Shame and the fear of shame seized upon him. He put all of his strength into a last effort, and then lay down to die.

The mechanic still had in mind the first female slave, and he looked to see the gleam of hate and the blow—such as the woman had bestowed—now to come from the man, to make the story of his subjugation quite like the story of that shaggy feminine creature. But no. The toy doctors were at hand; decently attentive and watchful toys were placed around the tiny bedstead; the man returned the woman's kiss. And then his spring was broken, and the delicate little wheels in the toy-man stood still.

THROUGH THE VALLEY.

They who shall fill with love their lamps
Through all life's golden day,
Amid the even's dews and damps
May glorify the way.

ETHEL REED, ARTIST.



It is worth noting that so far the so-called "poster movement" has brought into first prominence but one woman designer. Whether this is due to a defect in the ordinary course of training for artistic purposes, from which young women students too seldom have the courage to break away, or is owing altogether to the lack of original inventiveness which women themselves evince, it would be hard to say. Probably both conventional training and inherent incapacity for making ventures into new fields of work are to blame for the undeniable fact that thus far men hold the honors in this new branch of art productions, with the single exception, it may be, of Miss Ethel Reed of Boston.

This young woman, who has not long been in the ranks of poster artists, her first essay of the kind being a likeness of herself that appeared in the Sunday edition of the Boston Herald last February, has the merit of originality.

A protege of Miss Laura Hill, the accomplished miniature painter, Miss Reed's studies have been pursued chiefly under her guidance, with the addition of a short time spent in the Cowles school. Her work is, therefore, the result of no settled course of training, and in consequence possesses an air of freedom, almost of naivete, that gives it a distinct and individual value.

Controlled in a measure, as most poster makers are, by French or Japanese methods of treatment, Miss Reed has boldly invented an application of such methods to her own